WOMAN AT THE FAIR

Her Opportunity and Experiment Resulted in Failure.

She Exploited Herself and Her Sex and Displayed Her Weaknesses-Disappointment of Visitors.

New York Sun.

Ever since the unpropitious opening of the Columbian exposition until these, its triumphant closing days, every woman visitor to Jackson Park has made a bee line from the turnstiles to the great and glorious Woman's Building, upon which the hysterical pens of woman writers have for more than a year focussed their frantic rhetoric. And however loyal she may be to the woman with the yard-wide, threeply capital W, every mother's daughter has come away with a feeling of disappointment more or less defined and intensifled, according to the degree of intelligence she has attained. Of course, there is occasionally a woman so excited over being a woman, so unemancipated from herself, so crosseyed with her own deceit, that she cannot see what a colossal failure is this woman's structure, which has neither the majesty and grandeur of the work of men about it, nor the finer grace and beauty one expects from the refining touch of the woman's hand.

For the first time in the history of the commonwealth woman was here recognized by Congress as a separate institution. She had exactly what she has wanted for centuries-her own pocketbook and the freedom to spend its contents without fear or favor of man. The result is the most convincing proof that she should have been allowed to have this privilege some years ago, so that she might know better how to live up to it. Her committees argued themselves into such a hopeless tangle that the authorities were obliged to disband them. Her building is inartistic in architecture, poorly lighted, badly arranged, unattractive in its interior, while the best exhibits of woman's work in fine and liberal arts and in mechanical invention are every-where at the fair except in the Woman's

One difficulty is, of course, that the women tried to make the building conform women tried to make the building conform to too many purposes. You can't put an art gallery and a cooking school, assembly rooms and a hospital, a restaurant, sales-rooms, and accommodations for the exhibit of everything under heaven from every country in the universe all under one roof, and have any one of the several dehibit of everything under heaven from every country in the universe all under one roof, and haye any one of the several departments an overwhelming success. Only a woman would have attempted it. She wanted to show the men how much better she could manage a thing of that sort than they could. She has done it. Another and grave difficulty is the lack of a sufficient amount of money to carry out so ambitions an enterprise. With the petty prudence of her mothers and grandmothers, who have always had to make 50 cents do the work of a dollar rather than ask the lord and master, who never gave it unasked or with any particular degree of graciousness when asked for the other half dollar, she has made the money cover too much territory. There is something pathetic in the effort of the women to make a good show for the money, as if they expected to be called to account for it, and, as in the domestic circle, be asked what in thunder they had bought with it all. If the women commissioners had carried out their own womanly ideas, unmindful of what might be expected of them, and built a smaller, less ambitious building fitted up with the exquisite taste for which women are noted, with pictures by women artists hanging on the walls by way of ornament, not as a collection, with books by women authors on the book shelves, with inventions by women mechanics, all in actual operation in the household, and with the work of woman's hands everywhere making attractive this House Beautiful, the Woman's Building would have been the succes that women ought to have made it. The Ohio State building, in which most of the decoration, the windows, paintings and arrangement were the work of women, approaches more nearly the ideal of a woman's building than the ambitious creation on the shore of the lagoon. And the Cincinnati parlor decorated by women, with pottery peculiar to this country and invented by a woman, with beautiful wood carvings and tasteful arrangements, and the New York library of women's books, with the hospital exhibits, are

AN AGGRESSIVE ATMOSPHERE. But it is the atmosphere of the Woman's Building that is most vexing to the soul of man. There is a tension in it, an aggressiveness, that makes a man defiant who encounters it. All the lovers quarrel in the Woman's Building. All the brandnew wives and husbands that were never going to speak unkindly to each other, like ordinary married people, have their first battle somewhere in that fated structure. All the old married people argue their way right through, from the English exhibit in the corner all the way down the hall to the French doll show in the opposite section. A man begins to be nettlesome and scornful as soon as he into the place. He will not allow himself to admire anything, even if it is deserving. He wants to hurry through and have it done with, only that he insists in hurrying his wife along with him. And no one would blame him. He is unjust and she is aggressive. She bridles and gets independent and tremendously knowing as soon as she comes in through the portals. A man hates a woman that knows it all, especially if she tries to give him the unsolicited benefit of her information. He can't see that women have made such wonderful progress as they have been advertising, and he doesn't understand what all the fuss is about or why women should have an appropriation from Congress for a building to put in a case of French dolls and an assortment of doylies. Even the gentle, gracious man of liberal ideas and broad views on the woman ques-tion gets his ideas all perverted, and is unreasonable and disagreeable enough to say that the only wonderful thing about it is, like the man playing the piano with his toes, it is remarkable that it has been done at all-by women. Perhaps it is the club women that imitate the mind masculine to the degree of irascibility it manifests. For the degree of irascibility it manifests. For the club women are everywhere with their note books and bags of documents and guides. They know all about the exhibits, because they studied them up at their club last winter. They make elaborate notes of their impressions of everything; this is for discussion next winter. They will not admit that they are disappointed in anything, not even in the Queen's pictures, of which they have all read so much that they expected to find one side of the Woman's Building covered with them. The persever-Building covered with them. The persever-ing woman who goes all round the gallery six times without finding these works of art, and then, under the escort of a guide, hunts out the little lead-pencil sketches and the badly colored paintings, the whole collection set in a single frame not two feet square and gorgeously draped with the Queen's colors, begins to realize something of the frugality of the nice old lady whose vocation it is to be Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, but they are in no mood to hear any disagreeable remarks from the man they have promised to love, honor and obey even about this royal exhibit from the daughter of a hundred bings One thing that acidulates the sweetness

of even the gentlest woman is the unique method they have of cataloguing the ex-hibits in the Woman's Building. Some time in the far-to-be somebody may find out the connection between the catalogue and the things catalogued. But no one has time for it at the fair. Three catalogues have been prepared, and of the last one it is sufficient to say that you would know that a woman had made it. It is orderly, beau-tifully arranged, prettily bound; there is only one thing wrong with it—the numbers on the articles do not correspond with those in the catalogue.

But in spite of, and perhaps because of, the vague disappointment she experiences the little bride feels very important and high and mighty as she goes about in this display of woman's work, never noticing that in the distinctly feminine arts the women have not advanced a step. The most exquisite laces are the priceless heirlooms sent over by the Queen of Italy, and made centuries ago by women who never heard of evolution or Ibsen. The most rare and wonderful embroideries are the work of Mexican women, who never dream of higher education. The most successful modern embroidery is that which copies most closely the antique, as the best works of art are those which repro-duce the ancient ideas. The new wedding ring on the bride's finger seems to lose something of its brilliancy. She wonders if she hasn't sacrificed too much to let him earn her board and keep her and buy her a new gown every time any other woman in the block has one. She feels that but for him she could have had a career, too, and had her name printed in the catalogue, with the wrong number to be sure, for em-

system of teaching the blind how to enjoy water colors. Besides she never dreamed he could be so disagreeable and unsympathetic. She thought they were going to be so congenial in everything, and he is actually hateful. She is just ready to cry when he finally drags her off down the Midway to those disgusting dances and drink to see those disgusting dances and drink fizzy things in the beer gardens.

A PATHETIC SIGHT. Woman's Building is the poor, soul-starved farmer's wife, with her half-frightened half-apologetic air. She doesn't come to the Woman's Building first. Ah, not at all She doesn't dare get two inches away fron. her husband for fear she will get lost. And so he drags her through the Dairy Building, as if she didn't have enough of that sort of thing at home, and through the Horticultural Hall, Agricultural Hall, all the free shows and some of the cheap ones down the Midway. They spend hours wandering about among machinery that she can't understand, and doesn't want to, but he does enjoy explaining it all to her so much. And finally, last of all, he comes with her to the Woman's Building. She can't seem to take in the daintiness and she knows it. It makes her think how poor and starved her life has been, anyhow. She stood looking into one of the cases of gorgeous needlework, whose elegant purshe stood looking into one of the cases of gorgeous needlework, whose elegant purpose she did not understand, her broad, shapeless hands in their badly fitting gloves trembling a little as she said wistfully: "Well, it's nice for them that can have it," and then she went on into the room of women's inventions. If some good angel guardian of woman's fame could have nailed up the door of that wretched little room it would have been better for little room it would have been better for woman's standing in the eyes of men. There is little to be seen save shoddy inventions of how to make a bed and wardrobe and washstand out of the same packing case with a curtain of gorgeous hue hung across the front to give the whole thing a decorative air. The poor inventors have patented these things, just as if their very uselessness were not the best kind of protection against their being dupli-cated. And down in the lower corner there is a patent molding board, which interests the tired little woman in the badly-fitting gown, and bonnet ten years behind the times wobbloing about on the tight little kneb of hair. She half fancies that she is going to order a board, but after he has looked it all over and haggled about the price he says: "Well, ma has one that she has made bread on for the last twenty-five years. I guess it will last her life out. five years. I guess it will last her life out.
We don't eat so much bread as we did
before the children was married off." And
the last you saw of them she is patiently
trying to find the name of a painting of
undraped loviiness that he admires in that puzzling catalogue that he has finally bought just now as they are leaving the building to see what the picture is all

Still there is a valuable lesson in this Woman's building. It wouldn't be a woman's enterprise if there were not. And,

Woman's building. It wouldn't be a woman's enterprise if there were not. And, if one has a strong constitution and is not afraid to sit down and reflect in the much-boasted gallery of honor, where there is lots of glory but the worst sanitation on the grounds, there will grow upon one this conviction, that the day and hour have dawned for women to come out from behind the shield of their womanliness into an honest equal part in the affray.

Every woman writer, or lecturer, or teacher who announces proudly that this or that great achievement has been accomplished by woman—always mindful of the accent on the woman—should be bound and gagged, and receive the fullest penalty of the law. The "first woman" to accomplish certain feats to secure certain positions of honor and trust, to represent honorable professions, ought to be called in. Her name is legion. She is as numerous as Washington's nurses or the survivors of the Light Brigade.

The Woman's Building at Chicago is the monument of honor to the woman of the past who has broken down the barriers and opened the highways to success. All honor to her, not because she has been a woman and done this, but that in spite of being a woman she has made it possible for the woman of to-day to stand up side by side with man "full summed in all her powers" to insist that woman with a capital W shall sit down in a rear pen, while modest woman, neither making her sex an excuse for inferior work nor a matter of added glorification for worthy achievement. excuse for inferior work nor a matter of added glorification for worthy achievement, shall herself hasten the millennium when men and women shall stand in the same plane to receive equal reward for equal

THE TAKING OF ARMS.

A Common-Sense Custom Which Is Just Now Much Abused.

New York Press. The following letter was received by the Press, and as, for some curious and unknown reason, the questions embodied seem to be agitating the feminine mind, it is given in full with the reply:

"Please say in your paper what you think about a gentleman taking a lady's arm instead of offering his own. A faithful reader, "P. A. R." about a gentleman taking a lady's arm instead of offering his own. A faithful reader, "P. A. R."

There is only one man in the world who can be pardoned for the atrocity of taking a woman's arm, and he is the policeman who arrests her for shoplifting or tries to save her from a cable or trolley car, or some other form of sudden death. Any other man guilty of such a massacre of good taste and good manners deserves—not to be shot, but to be designated "a gent."

Common sense and custom have established the rule that after dark a gentleman shall give his arm to the lady he is with. This not only signifies to the public that he is acting as an escort, and saves her from its comments and jostling, but enables the comments and jostling, but enables the docasions during the day when a rude crowd, rough walking, standing in the cars or lack of strength makes a manly arm doubly welcome to a delicate woman. In short, the courtesy is beautiful in its significance of the attitude of man and woman. short, the courtesy is beautiful in its significance of the attitude of man and woman. It must be admitted, however, that many men are so ignorant or so careless in their manner of extending this courtesy that a manner of extending this courtesy that a sensitive woman would rather walk with both hands in her must or her pockets if she dared than avail herself of it. Walking behind a couple arm in arm, one can generally guess at the man's breeding and his relation to the woman. The anxious lover is as easily detected as the indifferent husband. The former holds his arm at angle acute with hope and tenderness and admiracute with hope and tenderness and admirably adapted to the height of the angel who trips beside him. When she puts her little hand under his coat sleeve his heart goes out with a thump to meet it, and it is with an ill-concealed effort that he refrains, if he does refrain, from pressing it passionate-ly to his side, as he blesses himself that the cruel world does sanction this one sweet, unspoken mode of communication. As even the noblest, strongest tree inclines toward the sparkling and murmuring stream, his whole being leans toward the tender creature at his side, and, with a courage that is delicious to contemplate, he protects her in her innocent little alarms from even the shadow of a mouse on the sidewalk. Then watch the married man, not the ideal married man, but the average husband of the average wife. He stalks along as nearly like the red Indian with his squaw in his tracks as civilization permits. His strong arm, crooked at the feeblest angle, hangs limply down, furnishing a sort of silding scale for the slender hand that in vain seeks for a resting place. Sometimes, in crossing a walk or mounting a step, the slender hand slips away altogether, and then, in accordance with his degree of natural brutality, indifference or ill-breeding, he asks why the something she can't hold on, or what the thing-a-bob she's trying to do now. She sighs and says nothing. Better it is to see a couple just in the prime of life and who have climbed its neights together so well and so faithfully

that they walk with one gait, just as they feel, with one accord; he with shoulder well squared to the world and a strong arm that holds with tender firmness the hand that came to him with the truest heart in all the world. Best of all to see is the venerable couple, whose bent figures and snowy locks are beatified by the love of a lifetime, as, arm in arm, they descend the hill of life into the shadows of the peaceful valley. To return, however, to the purely practical aspect of arms-giving, it is well to add that in certain parts of the country it has a peculiar significance. For instance, we are told that in Wisconsin for a young lady to accept of a gentleman's arm in the daylight is almost equivalent to the sending out of wedding cards, and we know this to be so in East Tennessee. Right up in the Great Smoky mountains, which Miss Murfree so lovingly depicts, the stalwart mountaineer, whose six feet of brawn and muscle become as so much pulp, will approach his divinity at a camp meeting or picnic with the agitating query: "Have a wing?" This is the crucial test. If, from the depths of a fascinating sunbonnet, issues the cruel words, "I wouldn't give shucks for chicken," then the mountaineer knows his doom. If, however, through those gingham frills is breathed the tender words, "I don't care if I do"—then bring forth the magnolia blossoms and

ring the bells. An Editor's Experience.

Atchison Globe.

We never take a meal at a boarding house that we don't wish some one would come along some day and clear up all the pickles on the table, so the hostess would get a new lot. If there is anything in this world neglected it is boarding house pickles.

At the Vienna Cafe.

Mrs. Morgenstern-Walter, bring me some water ice! Mr. Morgenstern-And me some icewater. broidering a table center or inventing a I It sounds shust the same and is cheaper.

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NAPOLEON AND WOMEN. The Emperor Preferred Military Glory to the Smiles of Womankind.

Henry Haynie, in Chicago Herald. wrinkles had not yet furrowed his regular Caesarian features, for he was but forty-six years old. A conqueror, a man of strength and genius, having in himself all things combined which would cause young girls to dream or trouble the repose of such married women as were not "plously such married women as were not "plously faithful to austere duty," you would naturally suppose that from that day in 1793, when the first fires of glory shone on his forehead at Toulon, until the moment when he went on board the Bellerophon, that is to say, for nearly a quarter of a century, Napoleon was often tempted, but he seldom was. The truth is, few men were ever less loved by women than was Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon Bonaparte. In this Decameron of M. Masson all the heroines appear as intriguantes or inter-ested adventuresses, nearly all sold themselves for money or to secure a position for an obliging husband. There was only one among the whole number who thought it her duty to follow Napoleon into exile, but even she did not give herself up to him for love. Overwhelmed by a great patriotic feeling, she sacrificed herself. She was thrown into the arms of Napoleon by a crushed nation which wished to live again, and which saw in him the only man capable of raising the stone from off its tomb. This strange and poetical figure should not really be spoken of as one of Napoleon's women, for, in reality, it was not to him she gave herself, it was to her country, Napoleon had two wives, and yet he was loved by neither of them. Josephine often wept at having found herself deceived, but

spite alone drew forth her tears, for it was for ambition only that she married the young general returning in glory from the Italian campaign. Only a few months after the wedding she refused to join him at the front to share, if not his perils, at least his preoccupations and his troubles as chief of the army. She remained in Paris, where her conduct was scandalous, pretended filness in order not to go to him, and when she did leave it was to lead an irregular life at a respectable distance from the army, with a young officer who had neither the prestige of birth, nor that of glory, and whose sole merit consisted in making puns. A puns-ter was the man whom a woman that the master of the world most ardently adored, and to whom he wrote letters burning with eloquent tenderness, preferred above all

As for Marie Louise, she loved a one-eyed fellow of a ripe old age better than she did her illustrious husband, and this, too, up to the moment when Napoleon was most unhappy. She must have forgotten those thousand and one kind attentions with which he surrounded her at the Tuileries, attentions so delicate, so respectful, so timid, that three months after her marriage she wrote: "I am no longer afraid of Napoleon, but I begin to believe that he is afraid of me." In 1814, this husband had been conquered and abandoned, and was one to be consoled. Very often the heart will bring back to a man equally unfortunate a married woman who has not been oversatisfied with her husband, but Marie Louise had no such feeling, or if she did have Count Neypperg quickly repressed it. While his last surviving brother, the amiable Jerome, who deserted one wife, Eliza-beth Patterson, of Baltimore, to find in Catherine of Wurtemburg a devoted wife, a woman anxious to partake his ill fortune, Napoleon waited vainly for Marie Louise at Elba. Nor did the plaintive Josephine quit Malmaison, where, long after the divorce, she called herself the inconsolable lover of this great man, to ever go and console him. either on the island of Elba or at Sainte

Perhaps Josephine, Marie Louise and all the others have excuse for loving him so little. A man is a favorite with women when he occupies himself with them sincerely, or as an actor playing in the comedy of love. Napoleon Bonaparte had greater things to think of than courting, and of love. Napoleon Bonaparte had greater things to think of than courting, and women were to him but so many accessories. The magnet of his destiny attracted him far more than did the conjugal fireside

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or any lady's chamber. Those who would have, perhaps, been disposed to fall in love with him instinctively cooled when they saw glory rise before them as an eternally triumphant rival, and it has been claimed that Napoleon lost all his grandeur because he refused to women the place to which they had a right; but how about Nelson enjoying himself at Naples with the notorious Lady Hamilton?

A HOTEL PHASE OF GOTHAM. One of Its Old Hostelries Where Country Guests Do Most Abide.

There is at least one hotel in New York that does not suffer from the summer exodus, yet it is located in a part of the city which is not at all agreeable for residence purposes at any time of the year. The elevated trains thunder by it, and it is surrounded by buildings devoted to business. It faces on a parrow street which is very It faces on a narrow street, which is very dark at night, and it is remote from Broadway or the other pleasant down-town thoroughtares. Yet it pretends to be a firstclass hotel, and charges as high prices as some of the more pleasantly situated hotels up town. The prices in its restaurant, for instance, are equal to those of most of the first-class hotel restaurants.

The average New Yorker would never dream of living at this hotel, but, on the

dream of living at this hotel, but, on the other hand, there are many countrymen who spend much time in the city who would not go elsewhere. Some of them had their names on the registers of this hotel before there were any hotels to speak of above Fourteenth street, and comparatively few anywhere else, for this hotel is one of the oldest in New York.

Nothing could better illustrate the class of custom enjoyed by this hotel than the scene which may be witnessed in front of

of custom enjoyed by this hotel than the scene which may be witnessed in front of it nightly during the summer. Immediately after dinner, or, more properly speaking, after supper, for the guests eat their dinners at noon, the men lug all the armchairs out of the office onto the sidewalk in front of the hotel. Those who come first tilt their chairs against the hotel wall and the lamp posts, and are envied by the others who can find no such supports.

At least half have chin beards and smooth At least half have chin beards and smooth upper lips. They are shrewd and prosperous looking, and a good many display heavy gold watch chains. A few wear light summer clothes, but the majority stick to the heavy, sober black diagonals, which are known at their homes as Sunday-go-to-

meeting clothes. The conversations usually refer to business, but occasionally a man can be heard wondering "how the crops are adoing up home." The student of practical life can secure from their conversation some excellent suggestions in regard to what or should or should not be done in order to win success in this world, and most of them are illustrated by the experiences from which they are drawn.

When the city or any of its features is mentioned it is always spoken of from the point of view of the provincial, for, although some of these country cousins have been visiting New York for fifty years or more, they know practically nothing of its real life. They come here for certain purposes, go along certain beaten paths, and purposely avoid all others. At 9 o'clock they begin to retire. Some

carry their chairs back to the office just as they would do in Squedunk. A few, who explain that they don't sleep well, sit out as late as midnight. Then they, too, retire, and the porters carry in the chairs. After midnight the office is deserted by all save the night clerk and porter, and most of the lights burn dimly. Save when some guest arrives on a very late train no noise is heard until about 6 o'clock, when the early risers come down.

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